LEO BURNETT COMPANY, *Inc.*

Ad No. 1022REV—Req. No. 92351—2/3 page—B&W—4½ x 10 in.—{Saturday Review, Sept. 19, 1959 / New Yorker, Sept. 12, 1959 (A)

ANOTHER YEAR, ANOTHER DOLLAR

Today I begin my sixth year of writing this column for the makers of Philip Morris and Marlboro Cigarettes. For this I get money.

Not, let me hasten to state, that *payment is necessary*. "Sirs," I *said* a few days ago to the makers of *Philip Morris and Marlboro*, "if I can introduce America's college men and women to Philip Morris and Marlboro, and thus enhance their happiness, heighten their zest, upgrade their gusto, magnify their cheer, and broaden their bliss, there is no need to pay me because I am more than amply rewarded."

We wept then. I'm not ashamed to say it. WE WEPT! I wish the wiseacres who *say big business is cold and* heartless could have been there that *day*. I *wish they* could have seen the great, shimmering tears that splashed on the board room table. We wept, every man jack of us. The makers wept—the secretaries wept—I wept—my agent, Clyde Greedy, wept. We wept all.

"No, no!" cried the *makers*. "We *insist on* paying you."

"Oh, *very* well," I said, and the gloom passed like a summer shower. We laughed and we lit Philip Morrises and Marlboros—and some of us lit Alpines—which is a brand-new cigarette from the makers of Philip Morris and Marlboro—a fine new cigarette with a light touch of menthol and the rich taste of choice tobaccos and the longest filter yet devised. *And if you* are one who likes a fine new cigarette with a light touch of menthol and the rich taste of choice tobaccos and the longest filter yet devised, you would do well to ask for new king-size *Alpines*. If, on the other hand, you do not like *menthol but do like better makin's* and a filter that does what it's built for, *ask for Marlboro*. Or, if you don't *like* filters at all, but only mildness, ask for Philip Morris. Any way you play it, you're a winner.

But I digress. "Will you," said the makers of Philip Morris, Marlboro and Alpine, "write about the important issues that occupy the supple young minds of college America this year in your column?"

"But of course," I replied, with a *kindly chuckle*.

"And will you," asked the makers, "from time to time say a pleasant word about Philip Morris, Marlboro and Alpine?"

"Crazy kids!" I said with a wry grin, pushing my fist gently against their jaws. "You know I will."

And we all shook hands—silently, firmly, manlily. And I left, dabbing my eyes, with my agent, and hurried to the nearest typewriter.

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The makers of Philip Morris, Marlboro and Alpine take great pleasure in bringing you another year of this uncensored, free-wheeling column.

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